

Brooklyn, Aug. 24, 1836.

Esteemed Friends:

59 Every day the remembrance of our delightful visit to Uxbridge is as fragrant to our hearts, as is the perfume of a rose-garden to the smell. But we did not mean to requite your manifold kindnesses by committing an act of petty larceny. Nevertheless, we abducted a pocket handkerchief belonging to L. B. C., and now seize the first opportunity to return it, so that our consciences may not trouble us in time to come! Should you bring an action against us, we shall plead, in abatement of damages, — 1st. that we took the h.d.kf. aforesaid — 2d. That we were not guilty of theft in intention — 3d. that we returned the article by the first safe conveyance — and, lastly, that its possession was unknown to us until some days after our return home.

Our ride from Uxbridge to Brooklyn was indescribably beautiful. Wherever we turned our eyes, we saw such thickly clustering evidences of the beneficence, goodness and mercy of God toward the children of men, as to feel our hearts subdued by gratitude and love. We felt disposed to join in the rapturous injunction of the royal singer in Israel — "Let every thing that hath breath praise the name of the Lord!" But, alas! of all the thronging millions of our race which populate the earth, how few there are who raise the voice of thanksgiving or prayer to Him whose mercy endureth forever!

Since I saw you, my health has not been good. At the present time, I am suffering from a wound in my left leg which I received about a fortnight ago, by jumping from a stone-wall against a sharp stump. At first, I paid no regard to it, although it was nearly three inches in length; but it has continued to enlarge, and is now very painful, and will be somewhat difficult to cure. Of course, it deprives me



of that exercise which is needful for bodily vigor.

[As I anticipated, my remarks upon the sanctity of the Sabbath, in the Liberator, are subjecting me to much censure, particularly among the pious opposers of the anti-slavery cause. Such papers as the New-Hampshire Observer, Vermont Chronicle, Christian Mirror, and Boston Recorder, are calling upon christian abolitionists to denounce and abandon so wicked a monster as the infidel Garrison, because he maintains that all time should be consecrated to the service of God and the good of mankind, instead of one day in seven; and because he believes that the real children of God "do enter into rest" here on earth, without being necessitated to wait for a respite until eternity dawn. The N. E. Spectator has also rebuked me; and, I am sorry to say, has declined inserting my defence, without suppressing all the argumentative and demonstrative part of it. I am not yet aware, that we have lost more than subscriber since my remarks appeared in the Liberator — though doubtless many more will drop off when their subscription expires.] This one is a theological student at New-Haven, who says in his letter, that he regards me as a dangerous member of ^{the} community, and that I ought to be reprobated by every lover of his country! Well, this is my joy and consolation — "It is a small thing to be judged of man's judgment," for "The Lord knoweth them that are his." I have been agreeably surprised to find that Luther, Calvin, Whitty, Foster, Paley, Selden, Gill, and Belsham, as well as Fox, Penn and Barclay, all agree in opinion, that there is no such thing as a "holy day", under the gospel dispensation.

Sister Mary joins with me in sending grateful remembrances and kind regards to you both, to all the members of your interesting family, and to all those dear friends with whom it was our privilege and happiness to



become acquainted during our pleasant sojourn at Uxbridge. My dear Helen sends you her thanks for the reception which you gave to her husband. Our babe is growing finely.

Bro. May is now in Boston. Poor dear Birney! how the wicked and malevolent are toiling to exalt him in the estimation of angels and all good people! Thompson is laboring nobly in England and Scotland.

With the highest esteem and respect,

Yours, affectionately,

Wm. Lloyd Garrison.

For

Effingham L. Capron

and Wife,

Uxbridge

Mass.

care of friend Clapp.

